Sew Me Up

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/69699271.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	The Amazing Digital Circus (Web Series)
Relationships:	Jax/Ragatha (The Amazing Digital Circus), Jax & Ragatha (The Amazing Digital Circus)
Characters:	Jax (The Amazing Digital Circus), Ragatha (The Amazing Digital Circus)
Additional Tags:	Fluff and Angst, Established Relationship, Possessive Behavior, Mutual Pining, Confessions, Jax is Bad at Feelings (The Amazing Digital Circus), Ragatha Needs a Hug (The Amazing Digital Circus), Sewing
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-08-23 Words: 3,334 Chapters: 1/1

Sew Me Up

by cherriyuh

Summary

Jax sews Ragatha back up and it gets emotionally frisky~

Notes

I'm very tired and just wrote lol

See the end of the work for more notes

Ragatha always had a familiar comfort for sewing. It was one of the few activities that her mother didn't force upon her. Between cotillions, tutors and horseback riding, sewing gave her an escape from perfection. From a young age she had a needle and thread to stitch together frilly dresses for her doll and as she got older, they became outfits for herself. Her mother would praise her sewing skills, saying that this was her value as a proper lady. Because Ragatha always had to be her perfect, porcelain doll.

But now in the circus, her skill wasn't much needed yet she found solidarity with it. When Caine asked her what she wanted in her room when she first arrived, she didn't hesitate for a sewing kit. And just like that, her room became a colorful patch work of fabrics and tailor accessories. She could create almost anything she wanted, no template was needed.

She felt in control. Empowered. Fluidity in her hands as she created pieces stitch by stitch. She was useful to herself. That even in a place where it felt like there was no escape, she found comfort all on her own.

However, there are rare occasions where she needs to do patch work on herself. And it's not fun.

Ragatha knows her skills. She's confident with a needle and thread. Yet when she has to touch barren skin with the sharp point, it leaves her with trembling hands. That in its own twisted way, sewing herself stripped some of her dignity. That those scars won't ever truly fade and the ghost stitch will always be engraved in her head. That there will always be a phantom scar serving a reminder of her imperfections.

Today's adventure turns out to be a reminder of that.

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"Give it up for our first contestants… RAGATHA verses BEN WASP!" Caine's voice boomed across the arena. Loud buzzes from the crowd as they cheer in the beehive. Kind of weird they are in a beehive when they are lighting wasps. Well, if you can really call it "fighting."

Of course, Caine put them through another competition. Only this time his brilliant idea was to have a fencing match with steroid induced wasps. Definitely not the sweet bumble bees Ragatha was used to on the farm.

“Don’t they remind you of Johnny Bravo?” Jax asks as he wraps his arm around her shoulder. “Big, Blond and Dumb.”

Ragatha gives him a soft laugh. “Those muscles seem kinda useless for this sort of match.” She stares across the arena at the wasps chugging protein shakes and bumblebee ring girls against their chest. “Fencing requires skills and critical thinking to predict your opponent's next move. Like physical chess.”

“Well look at you dollface. Knowing a whole lot. What’s next? You’re gonna tell me you actually know how to fence.” Jax rubbed the doll’s yarn hair. “I’m just messing with ya.”

DING

Ragatha barely had time to react when all of a sudden she’s poofed into the ring. Her outfit is replaced with a purple fencing suit and sword to match. She then looks up to see her opponent. No gear or even a sword, just his tank top and half crushed monster drink. Once he realizes the match is about to start, his killer eyes start sizing her up. Normally, Ragatha tried looking at the bright side of their adventures, but in Jax’s words, it sucks.

Still, she raised her foil and—

WACK

Her helmet was yanked off with one fell swoop. She landed on her back with mangled hair covering her face. The wasp pinned her down like nothing.

“WE’RE SUPPOSED TO BE FENCING!” Ragatha shouted, attempting to break out of his hold. This wasn’t fair. She knew the rules and techniques for fencing only for it to be

completely thrown out of the ring.

“Too slow little bro. I’m gon win.” The wasp drawls, laughing deeply and he puts her in a chokehold. “The rules don’t apply to me.”

Rats. Ragatha needed to find a way out. Or at the very least, she needed air. Her hand frantically moves across the floor, trying to find her foil again. As she attempts to not completely faint away, her fingers brush against the thin blade. In desperation, she quickly jabs the blade upwards, not enough to stab him but force him to pull back.

“OUCH!”

The wasp clutches her chest as he walks back. His eyes grew red with anger as he heard his wasp buddies whispering in the back.

Yikes

“You get em Dollface!” Jax shouts from the bench in his pink fencing suit. Ragatha's heart stuttered for a second. At least, she knows she has a fan in the crowd.

Ragatha bounced back. And so did the wasp as he turned around, finally ready to use his stinger. The two clashed with each strike against their points. She weaved and struck, pushing forward until he’s cornered.

And ultimately off the stage.

A loud ding goes off and Caine’s voice is on the overhead speaker. “And that’s the end of this triumph round.”

Ragatha was utterly exhausted, but she also couldn’t help jumping in joy seeing her face on the jumbo tron, playing back her victory.

“Nice work Raggy,” Jax called for her as he walked over. His usual lazy smirk was there but his bunny ears were a bit crooked the usual. “Never doubted you for a second.”

Ragatha brushed the sweat off her face, still attempting to catch her breath. “Even when I was completely squashed?”

“Pfft please. Those meat heads got nothing on you.” Jax pulled out his foil and pretended to be her. “Besides, they’ll be demolished by me when it’s my round.” He then opened his arms wide. “Now cmon dolface, where’s my victory hug”

Ragatha casually rolled her eyes but couldn’t help her heart from beating harder. His teasing grin and matching pink fencing suit just left Ragatha feeling warm. She took the first step closer to him.

But a sudden sharp tug pulled at her side. A jolt went through her body before losing balance and collapsing on the floor.

Everything moved fast before her eyes. Not enough time to even breathe another breath before feeling her stuffing coming out. Her seam had torn.

Barely above a whisper, her lips pursed “Jax… I–”

Only his shadow could see from the ground. How quickly he ran across the arena as the wasps chuckled in the background. The room seemed to close in on her from all the noise she couldn’t make sense of. Their friends quickly came beside her but she couldn't make out who was who.

Suddenly, Ragatha’s is poofed into a white room. Laying on an infirmary bed with the faint smell of disinfectant.

Bubbles popped in front of her, holding a clipboard and nurse's hat on her head. "Time to check your vitals. Now say AHHH."

"I don't think that's necessary," Ragatha politely declines. She peers over to see that the clip board was filled with nothing but a hyper realistic self portrait. "Umm… nice portraits but I don't think it's going to help with my tear Bubbles."

Bubble tilts her head, ignoring Ragatha's comment. "My charts are showing that everything is all right with you." Bubbles' slowly start rotating in a circle.

Great. Bubbles is no help here. Ragatha will just have to wait until Caine decides to fix her back up. She grazes her hand against her side, feeling the loose thread and stuffing. Her mind replayed the moment Jax's smile dropped. How quickly he rushed past her and she could only imagine what happened next. For now, all she can do is rest and hope for the best.

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The sterile brightness of the infirmary had flickered away as she slept. And once her tiredness finally opened up, she was found in her familiar bed. Seemingly tucked perfectly in with a stuffed doll right next to her. She shifted herself up, quickly checking herself again.

"So much for waiting for Caine I guess," she muttered to herself. She half heartedly joked with herself but the words fell flat. Disappointment filled inside her as the stuffing continued to seep out. She looked to her closet that held her sewing kit. She had hoped it wouldn't have to come to this.

The silence fell heavier in the room. "Oh well," she sighed, swinging her legs off the bed. Before she could fully move from the bed, a light knock taps the door.

Before she could respond, Jax had waltzed into the room like nothing, kicking the door behind him. "Oh look who's finally up." His voice carried a teasing tone like normal. "Thought I had to pull a sleeping beauty on ya." He made his way right next to her on the bed, tapping his foot anxiously. She knew something was on his mind.

“I’m sorry,” she blurted without a second thought. She wasn’t even sure what she was apologizing for. Was it for worrying him? Letting herself get hurt? Not having it all together? It just felt right to say.

But she knew Jax disagreed. “Save the sorry for someone who cares,” he brushed off too quickly.

His words came across as sharp, hitching Ragatha’s breath. Their relationship was fragile. That one wrong move would make Jax pull away. As if they were hanging by a thread.

Her frown must’ve shown as he let out a heavy sigh. He didn’t look at her. He simply rested his head on her shoulder. “I didn’t mean it like that…” he muttered.

It seemed like her heart beating was loud enough to fill the room. Jax wasn’t the one to take back his words. In his own words, he’s the “funny” one. The chaotic one. The one who wouldn’t think twice getting under people’s skin.

But with her, he paused. “You don’t have to apologize for things you can’t control,” he said in a low voice.

Ragatha let out a soft hum. Apologies were just her way of keeping the peace. But this was Jax she was talking to. There wasn’t a need to keep up her smiles or cheers for him. She was allowed to unravel. Yet every tender moment between them felt like a dance they didn’t know the steps to. Where fear lingered for Ragatha. That her flaws will tear through reality like the wound on her waist.

She placed her hand to her side, curling the loose thread around her finger. There was no use in staying in deep thought or sulking on the bed. So she tried lightening the mood. “That wasp did a real number on me huh,” she gave a dry laugh, but not a convincing one. “It’s really not a big deal Jax.”

“Don’t.”

“I know it’s my fault.”

His hand dragged against his face before resting it against his cheek. “I just couldn’t…” he paused, letting out a loud scoff. “They hurt you. They hurt my girl.”

The last part came out barely above a whisper. She noticed a blush creeping in on his face. His ears twitched as he was in thought. “After they struck you, how could I just sit there and do nothing!” he growled.

As much as Ragatha had her own worries, there was someone in her corner who worried just as much. Especially hearing him utter my girl just made Ragatha melt in her bed.

Jax leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. “The second I saw you drop, I lost it. That ego filled bug and jockeys needed to learn a lesson or two.” His eyes darken the more he went on. His sharp teeth are starting to show. “They might have muscles but HAH,” he hissed. “They were no match for my speed. I tore them like nothing.” Jax went into great details of their stinger and broken wings scattered across the arena. A sight that Ragatha was glad not to see.

“And then Caine tried stopping me. Saying I ruined his fun.” A sharp laugh cut through. “Yeah right. I told him what I really thought about his FU&*%ng adventures. Guess I hit a nerve. Like a sulking brat, he vanished away along with the adventure.”

The room echoed as he finished. Ragatha ruffled in her sheets, unsure where to start. She slid her hand to curl with his, noticing his palms were sweaty. “Well, for what it's worth, I can show off my sewing skills!”

Although she didn't realize the implications of her words, a flirty bunny picked it up quickly. “Oh really?” Jax curled his lips to a smirk.

Ragatha tilted her head in confusion. Unsure of the implication Jax has.

“Could you remind me my dear Raggy where the wasp struck you.”

Ragatha instinctively reached the hem of her dress, ready to pull it up. Until she realized the reasoning behind Jax's tone. Her face immediately went red and stammered at her words. The thought of Jax seeing her undergarments. It wasn't impressive by all means. Just plain white underwear and a bra. But the thought made her chest tighten.

“Ragatha~” his voice cooed. “What perversive thoughts are you having? I just asked a simple question.” Jax feigning innocence.

“Jaxxx!” The doll squealed, throwing herself under the covers. Who knew this bunny would be the death of her.

Jax laughed before getting off the bed. Ragatha could hear him opening her closet and drawers. She quickly gets up only for him to be standing at the foot of the bed, holding her sewing kit. “Alright dollface, time to sew you back up.”

As much as she should trust her partner, maybe just with a needle was one she wasn't sure of. “You? With a needle and thread?”

He seemed slightly annoyed at her questioning. “What? I have some steady hands. And you're not the only one who knows a thing or two about sewing.”

Ragatha didn't want to protest. She shrugged her shoulders and let herself indulge in Jax's act of kindness. She moves to her side where it's still intact, facing a blank wall. Facing Jax would only make her blush furiously. She braced herself for Jax’s touch.

A soft zip ran along her back as he lowered her dress. Thankfully, he pulled it down just enough to expose her waist. All Ragatha could do was clutch her chest as he carefully examined her. Preserving any modesty and dignity she had.

“Now hold still dollface or I’ll really be poking you.” Jax quipped with a light tease.

A part of her expected him to be rough with her. Maybe even jokingly stab her waist. But no, he was surprisingly gentle with her. Every now and then his fingers would brush against her waist. Not at the tear but the curves up to her hips.

This sent shivers down her exposed back. Immediately, she grabbed the nearest pillow and held it against her chest up to her mouth. Holding any noises she's bound to make as Jax continues his fleeting touches.

She had to break the silence at some point though. "You're being oddly gentle." she blurted with small breaths in between.

"Just trying to patch my doll up," he stated calmly, inserting another stitch, making Ragatha jerk. "I need you to hold still or we'll be here all day."

Ragatha bit her lip. Her body was warm and she thought her chest might explode. Her legs stayed pressed together, hoping that if she kept her body tight, the feeling would dissipate. Her thoughts wandered to what Jax was feeling too, that if he was intentionally making her squirm.

They've never crossed that line before. Movie cuddles, late night kisses and occasional holding hands when they're alone for an adventure. That was their norm. In her past life, love wasn't in the equation, let alone anything like what Jax is doing to her.

And god, he could be infuriating at times. His smug smile and tricks that continue to make her head over heels for him. There was no denying the physical attraction to him. He's an adorable bunny after all! And the times he chooses to be tender are moments worth capturing before her very eyes.

"Good as new." Jax said proudly, admiring the work he's done. Ragatha could finally look back at him, he had a devilish grin on his face. Jax rolls her over, displaying her dress unraveling and her face flushed. Jax towered over her as she laid beneath him.

"Not to be totally rude but you look like a mess." he teased.

Ragatha’s mind felt fuzz and couldn’t stand the heat. The stitch was done but she felt incomplete. The only reasonable explanation of her boldness. “Well why don’t you put those steady hands to use.” Ragatha smirked.

Jax froze.

Ragatha smiled, knowing that he didn’t have a comeback ready. She sank into the bed, realizing the implication of what she said. Even worse, how cringe it came out.

He leaned in, carefully lowering his head. His lips were barely above hers. “You asked for this.”

Yes. She wanted this. She wanted him. All the confusion, chaos and cynical parts of Jax.

Without hesitation, he pressed his lips against hers. There was an intensity behind it, almost desperate. He quickly shuffled Ragatha's dress off, licking his lips. She noticed how sharp his teeth had become. He admired every part of her, lining his finger over the fresh stitch.

She allowed him to explore her body. To let his hand wander wherever it seemed fit. She could feel his warm breath against her neck as his teeth grazed against her. Jax could be so tender that he made Ragatha melt into the bed. Whispering sweet nothings into her ears, kissing her passionately like he wanted this for so long. She was his candle to protect. To worship. To be worth praising. That she is special to him.

And then there were moments where his possessiveness showed, making her heart stutter. His gloved hands were firmly attached to her waist, moving in a rough rhythm. He let himself sink his teeth against her chest, to the point of possibly needing another stitch. Oh well. All Ragatha could do is grip onto the bed as Jax repeated “mine” over and over to her.

He wanted her. Not just for a fleeting night, but her entirely devoured. Ragatha could hardly catch her breath as Jax moved his hands to pin Ragatha against the bedboard.

“I want to tear you apart,” Jax growled. He was deep into the moment and Ragatha could barely make out what was happening. “So I can be the only one to stitch you back together.”

His confession should've scared Ragatha. But it didn't.

Ragatha knew the sentiment behind his words. She knew their relationship wasn’t one for approval. Even when their intimacy could be considered reckless, or she’s insane for loving Jax, there’s nothing she would change about it. Maybe at one point she fears loneliness over abstraction, nonetheless, she has someone to care for. And someone to care about her. They were messy, flawed, and unraveling yet… Ragatha enjoyed every moment of Jax. Despite her naivety and foolishness, she loved him. She loved all of him.

Those haven't been uttered since they've been together. She’s not even sure if love truly existed in their minds until now. But in the midst of heavy breath and rugged desperation, she choked out the words as best she could.

“I love you.”

It felt like those were the only words she knew. For a moment, Jax froze. As if he needed time to believe what she said. To center his reality in the steaming room. He gave a low chuckle before smashing his lips against hers.

Jax held her tight as their world narrowed between them. She clawed at his shoulder and tightened her legs around him. It was perfect. She felt he was perfect in his own twisted way.

End Notes

My Tumblr is Cherriyuh

Might do a part 2 but for now this is it lol

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